Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in prooſe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cric mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.

Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, louing countrymen, *(His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, *(his ſouldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces;
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.
One raiſde in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the foile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SC